



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

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Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram-shop whisky beverage, but are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity.

For dizziness, rush of blood to the head tending to apoplexy, dyspepsia, fever and ague, dropsy, pimples and blotches, scrofulous humors and sores, tetter, ring worm, white swelling, erysipelas, sore eyes and for young men suffering from weakness or debility caused from imprudence, and to females in delicate health, Frazier's Root Bitters are especially recommended.

Dr. Frazier: I have used two bottles of your Root Bitters for dyspepsia, dizziness, weakness and kidney disease, and they did me more good than the doctors and all the medicine I ever used. From the first dose I took I began to mend, and I am now in perfect health, and feel as well as I ever did. I consider your medicine one of the greatest blessings.

MRS. M. MARTIN, Cleveland, O.

Sold by George T. Wood at \$1 per bottle.

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PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last—No One Need Suffer!

A sure cure for blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian remedy,) called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five or thirty years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electrics do more harm than good. Williams' Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for piles, itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. Williams' Pile Ointment: I have used scores of pile cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave me such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment.

For sale by George T. Wood or mailed on receipt of price, \$1.

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62 Vesey Street, N. Y.

Skin Diseases Cured

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic, pimples, black head or grubs, blotches and eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures itch, barber's itch, salt rheum, tetter, ringworm, scald head, chapped hands, sore nipples, sore lips, old obstinate ulcers and sores, &c.

SKIN DISEASE.

F. Drake, Esq., Cleveland, O., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment and was cured by a few applications.

The first and positive cure for skin diseases ever discovered.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, fifty cents

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For blind, bleeding, itching or ulcerated piles, Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure. Price \$1, by mail. For sale by George T. Wood, druggist.

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The National Bird.

The Boston Herald suggests that it is time that Biddy supplanted the American Eagle on our coins. The cock having done good service as a Gallic bird, it would seem but fair that the hen should be exalted in turn, and there is surely no country upon which she has stronger claims than upon our own.

So far as the eagle is concerned, there is absolutely nothing to be said in his favor. He symbolized well enough the rapacity of the old Romans, and with the double head invented by Constantine to signify the Eastern and Western empires, and still retained by Russia and Austria, he did good service in the Byzantine wars; but of his real merits no better estimate has been made than that of Dr. Franklin in a letter to Mrs. Sarah Bache, written at Passy, in 1784. The officers of the American army had formed their grand society of the Cincinnati, which is still in existence, and had sent a gentleman over to France for a supply of ribbons and medals wherewith to decorate the members of the new order. It was objected that the mottoes were in bad Latin and that the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing hawk; and, when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him. With all this injustice he is never in good case; but, like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little kingbird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district.

Dr. Franklin's letter was written not long after the usual day for the annual Yankee Thanksgiving, and possibly the recollection of savory, roasts with oyster stuffing, and cranberry sauce may have influenced the old philosopher's judgment of the turkey. At any rate, this is what he says: "I am not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours, being brought to France by the Jesuits from Canada, and served at the wedding table of Charles the Ninth. He is, besides (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worst emblem for that), a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm yard with a red coat on."

The codfish, a gilded effigy of which hangs up in the State House at Boston, and which appeared in the coat of arms of several of the New England States, seemed for a long time a good deal more likely to become the national emblem than the eagle, or even the turkey. The Virginia settlers had visions of gold, and even sent home a shipload of iron pyrites to be melted up into guineas, but the fisheries were the great attraction further to the northward, and the early accounts dwell much more upon the fruitfulness of the sea than the fertility of the land. But the American taste at the close of the Revolutionary War was of the pseudo classical sort that delighted in mythology, allegory, stilted verse like the "Columbiad," a national bird borrowed from the standard of the Roman legions, and legends in Latin which are as untranslatable as the in-

scription of the Dighton rock.

The eagle is a bird with which the eyes of most Americans are unfamiliar, and for a century now it has, in shapes of varied monstrosity, defaced the coin of the country and wrought no end of mischief in Fourth of July orations and printed literature. It is time to let him fly away. Rome showed her ingratitude by not adopting the goose, which once saved the city, and why may not the great modern republic pay a debt of justice to the domestic feathered race by elevating the hen, which is beyond question the most useful, inoffensive, and at times the most courageous animal that walks on two legs, to the dignity of a national emblem?—*Detroit Post and Tribune*

How to Shake Hands.

There are only two or three people now living who can successfully shake hands. There is a good deal of hand-shaking done through the country, especially at this season of the year, but only a very small per cent. of the shakers and shakies know how to do it so as to get the entire amount of exhilaration out of it. Some grab the hand of an adversary in a quick, nervous manner that scares the victim nearly to death, while others slide the cold and clammy paw at you so that you feel the same as when you drop a cold raw oyster, with vinegar on it, down your back.

If you are shaking hands with a lady, incline the head forward with a soft and graceful, yet half timid, movement, like a boy climbing a barbed-wire fence with a fifty-pound watermelon. Look gently in her eyes with a kind of a pleading smile, beam on her features a bright and winsome beam, say something that you have heard some one else say on similar occasions, and in the meantime shake her hand in a subdued yet vigorous way, not as though you was trying to make a mash by pulverizing her fingers, nor yet in too conservative a manner, allowing her hand to fall with a sickening thud when you let go. Care should be taken also not to hang on to the hand more than half an hour in public, as bystanders might make remarks. This is now considered quite outre and mandamus.—*Bill Nye.*

THE Saxons were the most faithful allies of the Emperor until the battle of Leipsic, the chief city of Saxony, though not its capital. There at the moment that Napoleon's 60,000 was closing in for its inevitable triumph the Saxon corps crossed the field and fired into their former comrades. This decided the contest. Napoleon, having made his combinations and despising the unwieldy enemy, had retired to eat his dinner in peace. He was finishing a leg of mutton, a meat which he never ventured on until his duty of the day was done, when an aide delivered the fateful message. "Well," he remarked with composure, "one must never eat until his battle is won. Now we shall have the whole work to do over to-morrow. I shall never eat mutton again, *vola tout*." The next day he did indeed worst the over-confident enemy, but he didn't crush him, as in the glorious days of Wagram, Austerlitz and Jena, and while his losses couldn't be replaced, the swarming levies of Austria, Russia, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and the Rhine—paid by British gold—renewed themselves daily, until finally, though they met nothing but defeat, by sheer force of numbers, like Grant at Petersburg, the Emperor's victorious legions were fought to a mere guard. Then came the fateful day of Fontainebleau, when the man who had mastered Europe abdicated his place and relinquished his glorious mission.